№ 117.] [Price Twopence.

THE TATLER.

A DAILY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE AND THE STAGE.

VERITAS ET VARIETAS.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 18, 1831.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy. By John Frederic William Herschel, Esq. A.M. Late Fellow of St John's College, Cambridge, &c. (Fourteenth Volume of the Cabinet Cyclopædia). 12mo. pp. 372. Longman.

When Goldsmith was about to write his History of Animated Nature, Johnson said to him, "There is Goldsmith going to write a natural history, and he will make it as entertaining as a Persian tale." He added, we believe, that this would be done in spite of his friend's knowing nothing of the subject. But no man can be said to be entirely ignorant of a subject, who approaches it in a spirit of universality. At least he has a just sense of one of its highest points of view, is prepared to enquire into it in the right spirit, and to report what he can learn, to the best advantage. But we noticed the remark for the purpose of observing, that there is more sympathy between the wonders of science and of a Persian tale than the Doctor supposed. There is a fact which it delights us to impress upon the public,—namely, the total failure of the prophecy which announced that the advancement of science would put an end to the love of fiction; whereas no circumstance has stared the present generation more in the face, than the increase of both together. Sir Humphrey Davy and Sir Walter Scott have flourished at the same period. More than half of the literature of the age has been made up of fiction, and the French have become more imaginative, at the same time that the sciences have been at their height in both countries. Utilitarianism has kept pace with delight. And the wonder would be if it were not so; for the more the general mind is expanded, the more subjects it embraces, and the more it is prepared to do justice to them all. The mistake has arisen from taking short-sighted views of science and of fiction, and from observing the exclusive devotion which some of their disciples pay to the object of their pursuit. But this occasional absorption of the individual, and still less the exclusiveness of his lesser disciples, says nothing against the readiness with which the general mind receives all sorts of wonders, or the final argument which the philosopher has for the reconcilement of them. The great father of experimental philosophy has left us a lofty panegyric on poetry; and if Sir Isaac Newton undervalued poetry, let it be said, without arrogance, that he so far injured his own universality as a philosopher, and threw a doubt on the expansiveness of mind with which he wandered among his stars. The less poetry he united with his science, the less justice he did to the dignity and delightfulness of what he beheld; the more subjected himself to the suspicion of diminishing the heavens into the measure of his books and diagrams,—of looking at the universe as a mathematician, and not at mathematics as a universalist. Things are proved only by their effects; and he who does not know that any single marvel opens an unlimited field to all others, that the dullest common-places are made up of marvels, and that the delight we derive from a beautiful fiction does not prove itself as real by the emotion it gives us, as the effect of the most substantial phenomenon, is ignorant of half of the nature of man, and disputes the reasonableness and the spirituality of the delight which he receives from anything.

We have been led into these remarks by the very surprising and delightful passages which we have met with in our first glances into the work before us, and by the hearty reverence we bear towards all the quarters of knowledge, though we are conversant with but one speck in a corner of them. From that speck, however, we may cast our eyes into the universe, and at least know how much there is that we do not know: and this process of the understanding appears so easy and so unavoidable, that we fall into an unphilosophic fit of impatience at beholding those, who possess so much of the knowledge that we can only admire, ignorant of what would seem to be one of the very first things they ought to know better than any one else. We do not mean to include in this objection the author of the work before us. We are not aware of anything that subjects him to the charge; and from some truly philosophical remarks at the beginning of the work, we draw a different conclusion. These we have the greatest pleasure in laying before the reader: for every new hope of mankind is linked with a thousand; every proof of its feasibility, in whatever quarter, is an encouragement to him in all other quarters, and hence one of the greatest delights of science. We do not merely learn to know more; we learn to expect more; to labour with cheerfulness; to look for the like improvements in moral science; to see, in fact, the inevitable connexion of moral and political advancement with every other; and in the lines of the mathematician, and the compounds of chemistry, to recognize sunshine for the world.

'"*The character of the true philosopher* (says Mr Herschel) *is to hope all things not impossible, and to believe all things not unreasonable.* He who has seen obscurities which appeared impenetrable in physical and mathematical science suddenly dispelled, and the most barren and unpromising fields of enquiry converted, as if by inspiration, into rich and inexhaustible springs of knowledge and power, on a simple change of one point of view, or by merely bringing to bear on them some principle which it never occurred before to try, *will surely be the very last to acquiesce in any dispiriting prospects of either the present or future destinies of mankind;* while, on the other hand, the boundless views of intellectual and moral, as well as material relations, which open on him on all hands in the course of these pursuits, the knowledge of the trivial place he occupies in the scale of creation, and the sense continually pressed upon him of his own weakness and incapacity to suspend or modify the slightest movement of the vast machinery he sees in action around him, must effectually convince him, that *humility of pretension*, no less than *confidence of hope*, is what best becomes his character.'"

The following is another excellent reflection, calculated at once to satisfy the grossest as well as the most refined of men; which is a difficult point of attainment:—

'The question "*cui bono*" to what practical end and advantage do your researches tend? is one which the speculative philosopher, who loves knowledge for its own sake, and enjoys, as a rational being should enjoy, the mere contemplation of harmonious and mutually dependent truths, can seldom hear without a sense of humiliation. He feels that there is a lofty and disinterested pleasure in his speculations which ought to exempt them from such questioning; communicating as they do to his own mind the purest happiness (after the exercise of the benevolent and moral feelings) of which human nature is susceptible, and tending to the injury of no one; and *he might surely allege* THIS *as a sufficient and direct reply* to those, who, having themselves little capacity, and less relish for intellectual pursuits, are constantly repeating upon him this enquiry. But if he can bring himself to descend from this high but fair ground, and justify himself, his pursuits, and his pleasures in the eyes of those around him, he has only to point to the history of all science, where speculations apparently the most unprofitable have almost invariably been those from which *the greatest practical applications* have emanated. What, for instance, could be apparently more unprofitable than the dry speculations of the ancient geometers on the properties of the conic sections, or than the dreams of Kepler (as they would naturally appear to his contemporaries) about the numerical harmonies of the universe? Yet these are the steps by which we have risen to a knowledge of the elliptic motions of the planets and the law of gravitation, with all its splendid theoretical consequences, and its *inestimable practical results*. The ridicule attached to "*Swing-swangs*" in Hooke's time* did not prevent him from reviving the proposal of the *pendulum* as a standard of measure, since so admirably wrought into practice by the genius and perseverance of Captain Kater;—nor did that which Boyle encountered in his researches on the elasticity and pressure of the air, act as any obstacle to the train of discovery which terminated in the *steam-engine*."

'I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes;'

beautifully says the Spirit in the Tempest: but see, in the following passage, what a ray of light can do. The author asks, somewhat

* Hooke's Posthumous Works. Lond. 1705.—p. 472 and p. 458.

superfluously we think, "What *mere* assertion will make any man believe it?" For we do believe as we read, in consequence of what is generally known of the wonders of discovery.

'What mere assertion,' says he, 'will make any man believe that in one second of time, in one beat of the pendulum of a clock, a ray of light travels over 192,000 miles, and would therefore perform *the tour of the world* in about the same time that it requires to *wink with our eyelids*, and in much less than a swift runner occupies in taking a single stride? What mortal can be made to believe, without demonstration, that the sun is almost a million times larger than the earth? and that, although so remote from us that a cannon ball shot directly towards it, and maintaining its full speed, would be twenty years in reaching it, it yet affects the earth by its attraction in an inappreciable instant of time?—Who would not ask for demonstration, when told that a gnat's wing, in its ordinary flight, beats many hundred times in a second? or that there exist animated and regularly organised beings, many thousands of whose bodies laid close together would not extend an inch? But what are these to the astonishing truths which modern optical enquiries have disclosed, which teach us that every point of a medium through which a ray of light passes is affected with a succession of periodical movements, regularly recurring at equal intervals, *no less than 500 millions of millions of times in a single second!* that it is by such movements, communicated to the nerves of our eyes, that we see—nay more, that it is the difference in the frequency of their recurrence which affects us with the sense of the diversity of colour; that, for instance, *in acquiring the sensation of redness* our eyes are affected 482 millions of millions of times; *of yellowness* 542 million of millions of times; and of violet, 707 millions of millions of times per second. Do not such things sound more like the ravings of madmen, than the sober conclusions of people in their waking senses? They are, nevertheless, conclusions to which any one may most certainly arrive, who will only be at the trouble of examining the chain of reasoning by which they have been obtained.'—P. 23.

The naval officer alluded to in the following passage, is Captain Basil Hall, who has found "the unstable footing of a ship's deck" a much better place to secure his reputation upon, than the unstable footing of shifting politics.

'That a man, by merely measuring the moon's apparent distance from a star with a little portable instrument held in his hand, and applied to his eye, even with so unstable a footing as the deck of a ship, shall say positively, within five miles, where he is, on a boundless ocean, cannot but appear to persons ignorant of astronomy an approach to the miraculous. Yet the alternatives of life and death, wealth and ruin, are daily and hourly staked with perfect confidence on these marvellous computations. We have before us an anecdote communicated to us by a naval officer distinguished for the extent and variety of his attainments, which shows how impressive such results may become in practice. He sailed from San Blas on the west coast of Mexico, and after a voyage of eight thousand miles, occupying eighty-nine days, arrived off Rio de Janeiro, having, in this interval, passed through the Pacific Ocean, rounded Cape Horn, and crossed the South Atlantic, without making any land, or even seeing a single sail, with the exception of an American whaler off Cape Horn. Arrived within a week's sail of Rio, he set seriously about determining, by lunar observations, the precise line of the ship's course, and its situation in it at a determinate moment, and having ascertained this within from five to ten miles, ran the rest of the way by those more ready and compendious methods, known to navigators, which can be safely employed for short trips between one known point and another, but which cannot be trusted in long voyages, where the moon is the only sure guide. The rest of the tale we are enabled by his kindness to state in his own words:—"We steered towards Rio de Janeiro for some days after taking the lunars above described; and having arrived within fifteen or twenty miles of the coast, I hove to at four in the morning till the day should break, and then bore up; for although it was very hazy, we could see before us a couple of miles or so About eight o'clock it became so foggy that I did not like to stand in further, and was just bringing the ship to wind again, before sending the people to breakfast, when it suddenly cleared off, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the great Sugar-loaf Rock, which stands on one side of the harbour's mouth, so nearly right a-head that we had not to alter our course above a point in order to hit the entrance of Rio. This was the first land we had seen for three months, after crossing so many seas, and being set backwards and forwards by innumerable currents and foul winds." The effect on all on board might well be conceived to have been electric; and it is needless to remark, how essentially the authority of a commanding officer over his crew may be strengthened by the occurrence of such incidents, indicative of a degree of knowledge and consequent power beyond their reach.'

We conclude *for the present* (for we have several more curious passages in store) with the following interesting examples of the mastery to be obtained by man over nature, if he understands her, and the danger he undergoes in attempting to command her operations, where he does not. In the beautiful fictions of the Arabians, the genii come to a man's call and do his wildest bidding, if he is master of the ring which they serve. If he calls them without knowledge, they beat or frighten him to death. One would think that some of these stories had been written by Arabian alchemists. It appears highly probable, that alchemy suggested some of them: though they have a moral, not necessarily connected with any one kind of knowledge.

'If the laws of nature, on the one hand, are invincible opponents, on the other, they are irresistible auxiliaries; and it will not be amiss if we regard them in each of those characters, and consider the great importance of a knowledge of them to mankind,—

I. *In showing us how to avoid attempting impossibilities.*
II. *In securing us from important mistakes in attempting what is, in itself, possible, by means either inadequate, or actually opposed, to the end in view.*
III. *In enabling us to accomplish our ends in the easiest, shortest, most economical, and most effectual manner.*
IV. *In inducing us to attempt, and enabling us to accomplish, objects which, but for such knowledge, we should never have thought of undertaking.*

We shall therefore proceed to illustrate by examples the effect of physical knowledge under each of those heads:

'Ex. 1. It is not many years since an attempt was made to establish a colliery at Bexhill, in Sussex. The appearance of thin seams and sheets of fossil-wood and wood-coal, with some other indications similar to what occur in the neighbourhood of the great coal-beds in the north of England, having led to the sinking of a shaft, and the erection of machinery on a scale of vast expense, not less than eighty thousand pounds are said to have been laid out on this project, which, it is almost needless to add, proved completely abortive, as every geologist would have at once declared it must, the whole assemblage of geological facts being adverse to the existence of a regular coal-bed *in* the Hastings' *sand;* while this, on which Bexhill is situated, is separated from the *coal-strata* by a series of interposed beds of such enormous thickness as to render all idea of penetrating *through* them absurd. The history of mining operations is full of similar cases, where a very moderate acquaintance with the *usual order of nature*, to say nothing of theoretical views, would have saved many a sanguine adventurer from utter ruin.'

Ex. 2. The smelting of iron requires the application of the most violent heat that can be raised, and is commonly performed in tall furnaces, urged by great iron bellows driven by steam-engines. Instead of employing this power to force *air* into the furnace through the intervention of bellows, it was, on one occasion, attempted to employ the steam itself in, apparently, a much less circuitous manner; viz. by directing the current of steam in a violent blast, from the boiler at once into the fire. From one of the known ingredients of steam being a highly inflammable body, and the other that essential part of the air which supports combustion, it was imagined that this world have the effect of increasiag the fire to tenfold fury, whereas it simply *blew it out*; a result which a slight consideration of the laws of chemical combination. and the state in which the ingredient elements exist in steam, would have enabled any one to predict without a trial.

'Ex. 3. After the invention of the diving-bell, and its success in subaqueous processes, it was considered highly desirable to devise some means of remaining for any length of time under water, and rising at pleasure without assistance, so as either to examine, at leisure, the bottom, or perform, at ease, any work that may be rerequired. Some years ago, an ingenious individual proposed a project by which this end was to be accomplished. It consisted in sinking the hull of a ship made quite water-tight, with the decks and sides strongly supported by shores, and the only entry secured by a stout trap-door, in such a manner, that by disengaging, from within, the weights employed to sink it, it might rise of itself to the surface. To render the trial more satisfactory, and the result more striking, the projector himself made the first essay. It was agreed that he should sink in twenty fathoms water, and rise again without assistance at the expiration of twenty-four hours. Accordingly, making all secure, fastening down his trap-door, and provided with all necessaries, as well as with the means of making signals to indicate his situation, this unhappy victim of his own ingenuity entered and was sunk. No signal was given, and the time appointed elapsed. An immense concourse of people had assembled to witness his rising, but in vain; for the vessel was never seen more. The pressure of the water at so great a depth had, no doubt, been completely under-estimated, and the sides of the vessel being at once crushed in, the unfortunate projector perished before he could even make the signal concerted to indicate his distress.

'Ex. 4. In the granite quarries near Seringapatam, the most enormous blocks are separated from the solid rock by the following neat and simple process. The workman having found a portion of the rock sufficiently extensive, and situated near the edge of the part already quarried, lays bare the upper surface, and marks into a line in the direction of the intended separation, along which a groove is cut with a chisel, about a couple of inches in depth. Above this groove a narrow line of fire is then kindled, and maintained till the rock below is thoroughly heated, immediately on which a line of men and women, each provided with a pot full of cold water, suddenly sweep off the ashes, and pour the water into the heated groove, when the rock at once splits with a clean fracture. Square blocks of six feet in the side, and upwards of eighty feet in length, are sometimes detached by this method, or by another

equally simple and efficacious, but not easily explained without entering into particulars of mineralogical detail.'*

Another. Hardly less simple and efficacious is the process used in some parts of France, where mill-stones are made. When a mass of stone sufficiently large is found, it is cut into a cylinder several feet high, and the question then arises how to subdivide this into horizontal pieces so as to make as many mill-stones. For this purpose horizontal indentations or grooves are chiselled out quite round the cylinder, at distances corresponding to the thickness intended to be given to the mill-stones, into which wedges of dried wood are driven. These are then wetted, or exposed to the night dew, and next morning the different pieces are found separated from each other by the expansion of the wood, consequent on its absorption of moisture; an irresistible natural power thus accomplishing, almost without any trouble, and at no expense, an operation which, from the peculiar hardness and texture of the stone, would otherwise be impracticable but by the most powerful machinery or the most persevering labour.'

* 'Such a block would weigh between four and five hundred pounds. See Dr Kennedy's "Account of the Erection of a Granite Obelisk of a Single Stone about Seventy Feet high, at Seringapatam."—*Ed. Phil. Trans.* vol. ix, p. 312.'

THE PLAY-GOER.

BY THE ORIGINAL THEATRICAL CRITIC IN THE EXAMINER.

PERFORMANCES OF LAST NIGHT.

DRURY LANE.—Pizarro.—A King's Fireside.—And the Pantomime.
COVENT GARDEN.—Fazio.—And the Pantomime.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

WE did not expect, in the *Castle of Steinberg*, which was performed here last night, to recognize our old friend *Matrimony*, famous for Mrs JORDAN and Mrs DAVISON in the heroine, ELLISTON in the hero, and Irish JOHNSTONE in the German-Hibernian. We need not detail to the reader the plot of that highly-agreeable after-piece of Mr KENNEY'S; in which a young couple who quarrel, are locked up with one another till they love again. It is related of President Henault, when he was in love with Madame du Deffand, that having agreed to pass a whole day together, they found the time get a little heavy by three, and become intolerable at night-fall. The lovers in the *Castle of Steinberg* reverse this picture; but then they "begin with a little aversion," which *Mrs Malaprop* says is the safest way. The truth is, Madame du Deffand and the President were neither in the flower of their youth, like the bride and bridegroom; nor were they in love at all. They were only in gallantry. Here we are presented with a young couple, who are kept apart only to teach them to come together again with more vehemence, and who do so because they are unspoilt and good-hearted.

The way in which the characters of this piece used to be represented by ELLISTON and the others, is among the pleasantest of our stage recollections. Mrs JORDAN as the heroine, did not look so much like the young lady as Mrs DAVISON: she was at too plump a time of life, and had never cultivated the more restrained part of gentility. But then what delicious, cordial tones! What a cordial *laugh!* (for nobody put so much heart in a laugh as she did) What a wonderful mixture of glee and anxiety, of raillery and affection! of pouting, overdone because it had no faith in itself; and readiness, in every gesture of hostility, to make it up! And ELLISTON, how well did he give us the dry pretence of indifference, contrasted with *his* natural cordiality! What glances he gave from off his book while pretending to read, and how he snatched back and froze them up with an instantaneous petrifaction of gravity! How peremptory and final was his manner, whenever they turned their backs on each other, as if there was to be no hope of their ever turning the other way! And then how the returning kindness was gradually suffered to warm their approaches! How well you saw all that was coming, in the little surprise that Mrs JORDAN expressed about his having taken to wearing powder! And how full of prophetic responsiveness was the assumed indifference of his "D'ye think so?" But we shall be mystifying perhaps two of our readers to one, with vaguely calling to mind what they never saw.

If we do not think Miss FOOTE so good in the lady's part as Mrs JORDAN or Mrs DAVISON (for the latter was excellent too after her less native fashion), it is partly owing, perhaps, to these first impressions left upon us from younger days. She looked, however, very handsome; was a bride that any lover might have been glad to be reconciled to; introduced the seducing raillery of a dance (which we do not remember is the original); and, in short, perhaps looked more like the real thing than either of those actresses: that is to say, she looked more like the young lady herself brought in to be locked up for her volatility, and just fitted to plague and delight the young officer, her husband. She cannot do so much for the part as Mrs JORDAN or Mrs DAVISON: but she seems more the part itself,—the bride herself come to act it.

Mr FREDERICKS makes a very respectable hussar husband. If this gentleman is young, he is a promising actor. He should take heart, study closely, and not be in a hurry.

The incidents of *Matrimony*, by the way, are a little caricatured in the *Castle of Steinberg*; especially in a certain see-sawing and shoulder-thumping of the lady and gentleman together in their tilted chairs, back to back, which the spectators found very lively. ☞

We understand that the successful piece at the Olympic, called *Olympic Revels*, is the joint production of Mr CHARLES DANCE and Mr PLANCHE.

CHAT AND MISCELLANIES.

YOUNG AND HIS BOOKSELLERS.—Tonson and Lintot were both candidates for printing a work of Dr Young's. The Poet answered both letters the same morning, but misdirected them. In these epistles he complains of the rascally cupidity of each. He told Tonson, that Lintot was so great a scoundrel, that printing with him was out of the question; and writing to the latter, decided that Tonson was an old rascal, but, &c. and then makes his election in his favour.

ORIGIN OF THE TERM KIT-CAT SIZE.—Tonson the bookseller had a country-house at Barn-Elms, Surrey, where he built a room for the occasional meetings of the "Kit-Cat Club," and ornamented it with Portraits of the Members. The room not being lofty enough for *half-lengths*, Sir Godfrey Kneller made use of a shorter canvas, which has been ever since denominated a Kit-Cat, and which is large enough to admit a hand; the size being, in fact, 36 inches long and 28 wide. These portraits now belong to Wm. Baker, Esq. late Member of Parliament for the county of Hereford, whose father married the eldest daughter of Jacob Tonson, junior.—*Memoirs of the Kit-Cat Club.*

JACOB TONSON the bookseller, when he published Dryden's translation of the Eneid, caused the hero to be drawn, in all the plates, with a hooked nose like King William. This piece of trickery gave rise to the following Epigram:—

Old Jacob, by deep judgment sway'd,
To please the wise beholders,
Has placed old Nassau's hook-nosed head
On young Eneas' shoulders.

To make the parallel hold tack,
Methinks there's little lacking,
One took his father pick-a-back,
And t'other sent his packing.

ADVERTISING HUSBANDS.—Among Grose's collection of popular advertisements, at the close of the last century, is the following, which really has an air of honesty and sense about it,—a remark that will certainly not apply to any other public matrimonial announcement we ever saw:—"Is there a girl of moderate fortune, who hath the good sense and generosity to prefer a good husband to a rich one, and whose delicacy is not so very refined, as to prevent her answering this address? There is a young man of a liberal education, whose age is 26, possessed of a sound constitution, a clear head, and a kind heart, who would be happy in her acquaintance. Direct, P. Q. at the Coffee-house, in Castle street, Leicester fields."—*Morning Post*, July 5, 1777.

LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.—I do not think that what is called *Love at first Sight*, is so great an absurdity as it is sometimes imagined to be. We generally make up our minds beforehand to the sort of person we should like, grave or gay, black, brown, or fair,—with golden tresses or with raven locks; and when we meet with a complete example of the qualities we admire, the bargain is soon struck. We have never seen anything to come up to our newly-discovered goddess before, but she is what we have been all our lives looking for. The idol we fall down and worship is an image familiar to our minds. It has been present to our waking thoughts, it has haunted us in our dreams, like some fairy vision. Oh! thou, who, the first time I ever beheld thee, didst draw my soul into the circle of thy heavenly looks, and wove enchantment round me, do not think thy conquest less complete because it was instantaneous; for in that gentle form (as if another *Imogen* had entered) I saw all that I had ever loved of female grace, modesty, and sweetness.—*Hazlitt's Table Talk.*

PERFORMANCES FOR THIS EVENING.

THEATRE ROYAL, ADELPHI.

This Evening, a Domestic Burletta, in two Acts, called

THE WRECK ASHORE.

Act I.—WINTER.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Dame Barnard, Mr DALY. Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE,
Miles Barnard, Mr YATES, Walter Barnard, Mr HEMMINGS,
Captain Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE.

[A lapse of Five Years is supposed to occur between each Act.]

Act. II.—SUMMER.

Alice, Mrs YATES, Bella, Mrs FITZWILLIAM,
Miles Bertram, Mr YATES, Blackadder, Mr S. SMITH,
Grampus, Mr O. SMITH, Marmaduke Magog, Mr J. REEVE,
Jemmy Starling, Mr BUCKSTONE, Walter, Mr HEMMINGS.

To which will be added, a New Comic Burletta, called

WAS I TO BLAME?

Julia, Mrs YATES, Melville, Mr YATES,
Lord Charles Everard, Mr Hemmings, Mathew Multiply, Mr Bayne.

After which, the Burlesque Burletta, called

BILLY TAYLOR.

Mary Wagstaff, Mrs FITZWILLIAM. Kitty Sligo, Miss M. GLOVER.
Billy Taylor, Mr J. REEVE.
Carolus, Mr O. Smith. Captain Flatbottom, Mr S. SMITH.
Old Nicholas, Mr Chapman. Ben Blockhead, Mr Sanders.

To conclude with a New Grand and Comic Christmas Pantomime, called

GRIMALKIN THE GREAT.

[By Mr BUCKSTONE].

The Overture and Music by G. H. Rodwell.

Columbine, Miss STALLARD.

Harlequin, Mr GIBSON. Clown, Mr SANDERS, Pantaloon, Mr KING.
Antico, Mr BROWN.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—Interior of Dwelling of the Mouse-trap Maker, Nosey Jack (Night).—II. Exterior of Cats' Castle (Sunrise).—III. Fairy Retreat, near the Enchanted Spring.—IV. Enchanted Spring.—V. Cats' Coridor. VI. Palace of Grimalkin.—VII. Temple of Silver-rain.—VIII. The King's Mews.—IX. Fishmongers' and Oil Shops.—X. Doctor Surekill's Dissecting Room.—XI. View in Westmoreland.—XII. Eating House and Cage.—XIII. View on the Wye.—XIV. Interior of the Old Ship Inn, Wapping.—XV. Brush Hall, in Chancery.—XVI. The same, out of Chancery.—XVII. Grocer's and China Shops.—XVIII. Catacombs.—XIX. and last. Temple of the Spirit of the Spring.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely New Historical Burletta, called

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

Mary Stuart, (Queen of Scots) Miss FOOTE.
Lady Douglas, Mrs Knight. Catherine Seyton, Miss Pincott.
Lady Fleming, Miss King. Mattie, Miss Kabrey. Moggy, Miss Langley.
Lord George Douglas, Mr Fredericks. Lord Lindsay, Mr Brougham.
Sir Robert Melville, Mr Worrell. Lord Ruthven, Mr Beckwith.
Roland, Mr Raymond. Drysdale, Mr Newcombe. Sandy, Mr J. Knight.

After which, a Comic Burletta, called

CLARISSA HARLOWE.

Clarissa Harlowe, Mrs GLOVER. Mrs Harlowe, Miss Fitzwalter.
Clerimont, Mr Raymond. Mr Harlowe, Mr Paget. Capt. Cape, Mr W. VINING.

To be succeded by an entirely New Burletta, called

THE LOST SON.

Leontine, Miss FOOTE, in which character she will sing a New Song, composed for her, by C. E. Horn.
Madame Sainville, Mrs Knight. Henriette, Miss Nursey.
Baron Von Neirstein, Mr Cooper. La-Roche, Mr W. VINING.
Eugene de Nerseuil, Mr Raymond. Stranger, Mr Brougham.

The whole to conclude with a Grand Allegorical Burletta, in One Act, entitled

OLYMPIC REVELS.

[Adapted from a burlesque of COLMAN'S, by Mr PLANCHE and Mr C. DANCE.]

Previous to which, an Overture, by J. N. Hummel.

Pandora, Madame VESTRIS.
Prometheus, (an eminent Man-ufacturer) Mr J. Cooper,
Swiss Boy, (a great Anachronism) Mr Beckwith.
IMMORTALS—OLYMPIC REVELLERS.
Ganymede, Miss Greener, Minerva, Mrs Thomas, Juno, Miss Stuart,
Hope, Miss Langley. Jupiter, Mr J. Knight, Neptune, Mr W. Young,
Hercules, Mr Worrell, Plutus, Mr Paget, Vulcan, Mr Brown,
Apollo, Miss Melbourne, Bacchus, Mr W. VINING, Momus, Mr D. Smith,
Esculapius, Mr Coates, Somnus, Mr James, Mars, Mr Brougham,
Cupid, Miss Josephine, Mercury, Mr Newcombe,

SURREY THEATRE.

This Evening, an entirely new Melodrame, entitled

ZAMOR, THE MEXICAN.

The Music, by Mr Blewitt.

Ora, Miss SOMERVILLE. Joan, Miss VINCENT.
Dame Mabil, Madame SIMON. Robert, Baron Fitzallan, Mr GOUGH.
Henry Fitzallan, Nicol Colbrande, Blid, and Broadland, Mr H. KEMBLE.
Zamor, Mr OSBALDISTON. Edmund Erpingham, Mr C. HILL.
Martin Walbourn, Mr DIBDIN PITT. Peter Poundtext, Mr Webb.
Abel Lackbrain, Mr Asbury. Walter Altringham, Mr VALE.
Ralph Perkyn, Mr Rogers. Monk, Mr Young.
Raymond and Hubert, Messrs. Hobbs and Tully.

After which will be produced a new Drama, (in Two Acts) entitled

THE TWO PUPILS; OR, THE PEDAGOGUE PUZZLED.

Miss Morley, Miss CHICHESTER, Fanny, Miss VINCENT.
Lord Henry Delmont, Mr C. HILL, Sir Thomas Morley, Mr D. PITT.
Doctor Dirliewhacket, Mr WILLIAMS, Samuel Sliver, Mr VALE,
Sir Thomas' Servant, Mr Webb, Servant of the House, Mr Lee.

To conclude with, a New splendid Comic Christmas Pantomime, entitled,

THE NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE].

The Overture and Music by Mr Blewitt.

Columbine, Mademoiselle ROSIER.
Harlequin, Mr HONOR, Clown, Mr T. HILL,
Pantaloon, Mr ASBURY, Zany, Mr GRAMMER.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I. Regions of Time.—II. The Town of Newbury (Sunrise).—III. Cabinet in the Widow's Mansion.—IV. Splendid Temple of the New Year.—V. Picturesque Roadside Inn.—VI. Exterior of Public House and Saddler's.—VII. Suspension Bridge over the Menai.—VIII. Quiet Lodgings in a retired Neighbourhood.—IX. Race Course and Grand Stand.—X. Splendid Falls of Tivoli.—XI. Cavern (Moonlight).—XII. and last. Realms of Bliss in the Regions of Light.

THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

This Evening, the Comedy of

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

[By Mr SHERIDAN.]

Lady Teazle, Miss CHESTER, Lady Sneerwell, Mrs FAUCIT,
Mrs Candour, Mrs Orger, Maria, Miss Faucit, Maid, Mrs Webster.
Sir Peter Teazle, Mr FARREN, Sir Oliver Surface, Mr DOWTON,
Joseph Surface, Mr MACREADY, Charles Surface, Mr WALLACK,
Sir Benjamin Backbite, Mr HARLEY, Crabtree, Mr W. Bennett,
Careless, Mr Yarnold, Rowley, Mr Younge, Moses, Mr Webster, Trip, Mr Balls,
Snake, Mr Thompson, Sir Harry, (with a Song) Mr SINCLAIR.

Previous to the Comedy, Rossini's Overture to "Il Barbiere di Siviglia."

To conclude with the New Splendid Christmas Comic Pantomime, called

DAVY JONES.

[By Mr W. BARRYMORE.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr R. Hughes.

Columbines, Misses BARNETT and BASEKE.

Harlequin, Mr HOWELL, Pantaloon, Mr T. BLANCHARD,
Clowns, Messrs SOUTHBY and E. J. PARSLOE.

THE ORDER OF THE SCENERY.

Scene I.—The North Foreland, with Light House.—II. Mother Carey's Refectory and Coral Cave in the Deep, Deep Sea.—III. Quarter-Deck of the Spanker.—IV. Susan's Cottage, by Moonlight.—V. The Bilboes.—VI. The Sun's Watery Bed.—VII. Farm-House, Sunrise.—VIII. Ruins of the Argyle Rooms the Night after the Fire.—IX. Belle Vue Cottage and surrounding Neighbourhood.—X. The Brighton Archway, Erected in Honour of their Majesties' Visit to Brighton, August 30th, 1830. With a New Nautical Ballet.—XI. Commercial Dock Canal.—XII. Nursery for Pet Children.—XIII. Outside of Upholsterers.—XIV. The Diorama.—XV. Grand Hydraulic Temple, Illustrative of the Union of the Waters.

DIORAMA, Designed and Painted, by Mr STANFIELD.

The Various Views will Display, the Stupendous and Extraordinary Military PASS OF THE SIMPLON.

Town of Sion (in the Valois).—Valley of the Rhone.—Brieg.—The Simplon.—The Schalbet, by Moonlight.—Village of the Simplon.—Gallery of Algaby (with the Effects of a Storm).—The Grand Gallery! cut through a solid rock 596 ft. long.—Crevola.—Domo D'Ossola.—Fariolo.—Lago Magiore, with the Boromean Islands.

To-morrow, Werner; Turning the Tables; and the Pantomime.

THEATRE ROYAL, COVENT GARDEN.

This Evening, the New Grand Comic Opera, (in Three Acts) called

CINDERELLA.

The Music, by Rossini.

Cinderella, Miss INVERARITY, Clorinda, Miss CAWSE,
Thisbe, Miss HUGHES, Fairy Queen, Miss H. CAWSE.
Felix, Mr WILSON, Baron Pumpolino, Mr G. PENSON,
Alidoro, Mr G. STANSBURY, Dandini, Mr MORLEY.
Pedro, Mr MEADOWS,

To conclude with the New Grand and Comic Pantomime, called

HARLEQUIN FAT, AND HARLEQUIN BAT.

[By Mr FARLEY.]

The Overture and Music, by Mr G. Stansbury.

With a Speaking Opening. [By Mr PEAKE.] Characters by
Mr BAKER and Mr F. MATTHEWS.

Columbine, Miss LOUISA JOHNSTONE.

Harlequin, Mr ELLAR, Clown, Mr PAULO, Pantaloon, Mr BARNES.

THE ORDER OF SCENERY.

Scene I.—The Giant's Causeway, by Moonlight—II. The Boyne Water.—III. Exterior of King O'Roirk's Castle.—IV. The Grand Banqueting Hall.—V. The Banshee's Ravine.—VI. M'Murragh's Keep.—VII. Extensive View of the Lake of Killarney.—VIII. The Custom-House and Quay, (Dublin).—IX. The New Bridge over the Menai.—X. The Pool—Tower—and St Katharine's Docks.—XI. The Globe Hotel and Cutler's Shop.—XII. A Market.—XIII. Windsor Park and Castle.—XIV. Portsmouth Harbour. The Royal Yacht passing along the Coast, till she arrives off Brighton, and the Illumination.—XV. The Triumphal Arch, Erected in honor of the Arrival of their Majesties at the Royal Pavilion, on August 30, 1830.—XVI. Frog Farm and Kitchen.—XVII. Ludgate Hill and St Paul's, as it was intended to be on the 9th of November, 1830.—XVIII. Lost in a Log.—XIX. Guildhall as fitted up for the Lord Mayor's Festival.—XX and last. The Fairy Grove and Magic Palace.

To-morrow, Fazio; and the Pantomime.

COBURG THEATRE. — Wat Tyler and Jack Straw—Harlequin Silver Penny.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.—A Deed of Blood.—Harlequin and Mother Goose.—Golden Pippin.

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